



JINGLEBOOK N°46




BREAD & PUPPET 2012 

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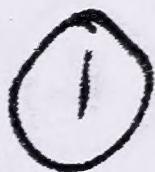
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AS I LEARNED
TO DETACH MYSELF
FROM THE COYOTE
IN MY BLOOD



I REINVENTED THE CHAIR
AS A PRIMARY INSTRUMENT
OF THINKING

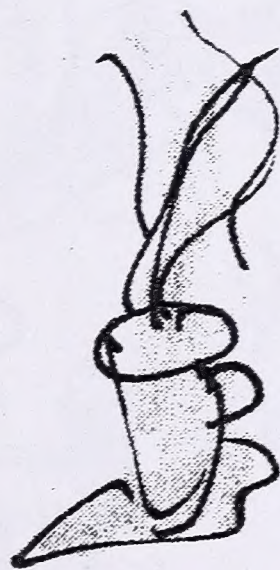


I GOT SENSITIVE TO THE
GREATNESS OF SMELL + THE
ENORMOUS PLEASURES THAT
TRAVEL THROUGH THE NOSTRILS
INTO THE PRODUCTIVE
BRAIN CHAMBERS



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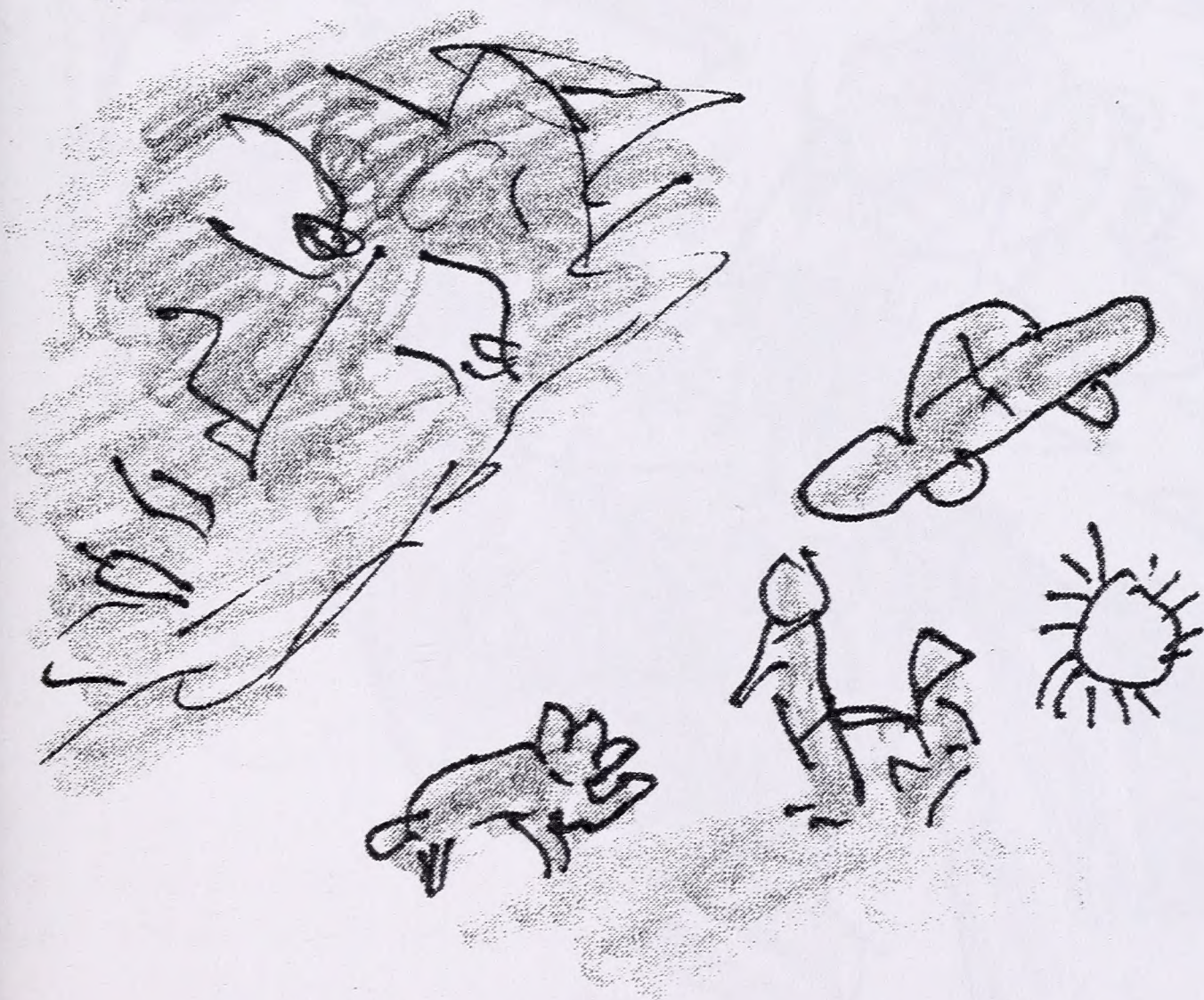
& I SMELLED THE COFFEE
& INHALED THE HEAVENLY
FUMES & SANK TO MY KNEES
IN ADMIRATION OF THE
CONCENTRATED INSIGHTS THEY
FURNISHED



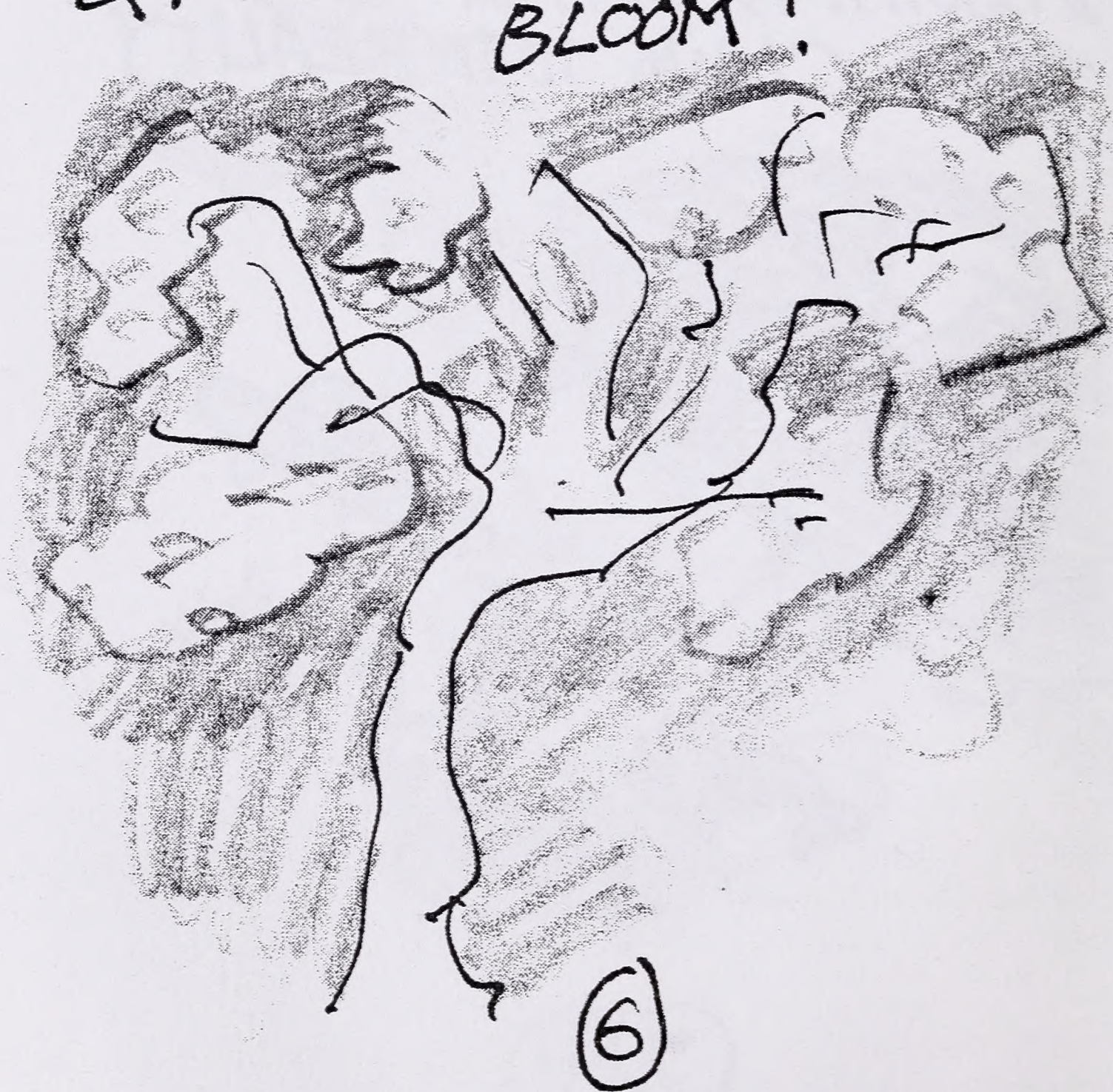
& I ROSE TO MY TREMBLING
FEET & THREW MYSELF INTO
THE COFFEE CUP



FULL OF ENTHUSIASM!
& MY EYES SAW THE
LYRICAL WHOLE OF 1000
DISJOINTED FRAGMENTS
THAT CLAIM TO BE REALITY



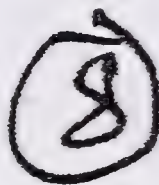
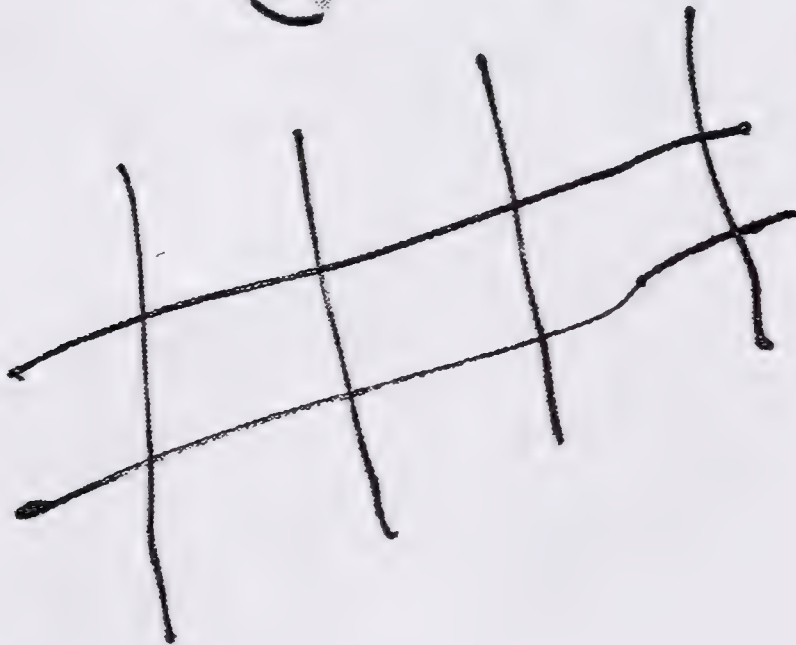
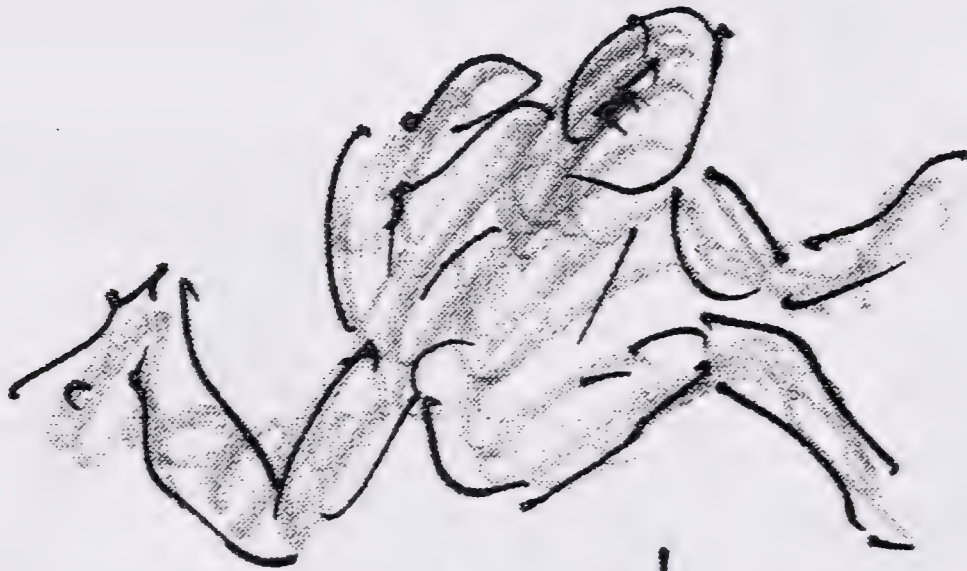
& MY COFFEE INDUCED HOLINESS
SPLASHED FROM THE COFFEE CUP
INTO THE SICKLY ENVIRONMENT
& MADE THE BARREN TREES
BLOOM!



& THE WORLD STOOD UP LIKE
A GROWN-UP CHILD & RAISED
ITS FISTS AGAINST THE
INFIRMITIES & JUMPED OVER
THEIR FENCES



& I STARTED THINKING
THE THOUGHT THAT TAUGHT
ME TO JUMP



JINGLEBOOKS
ARE FOR OVERLY
& UNDERLY
DEPRESSED CITIZENS
TO BETTER ENJOY
THEIR FREEDOM OF
DEPRESSION

MY LIFE
IN THE
COFFEE
CUP

ES/PM